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RED MASK

NEW MAGIC
of
THE PRESTO KID!

LOOK!
PRESTO RIDES
ON THE
SURFACE OF
DEEP LAKE!





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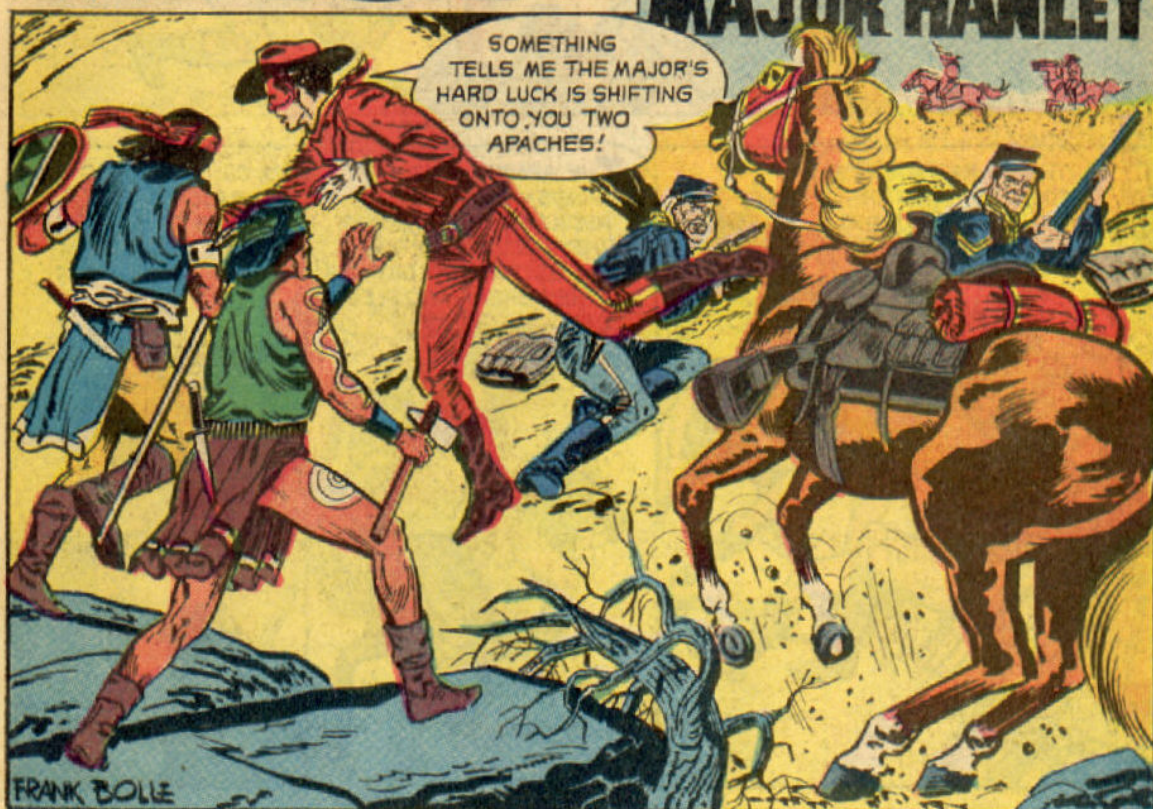
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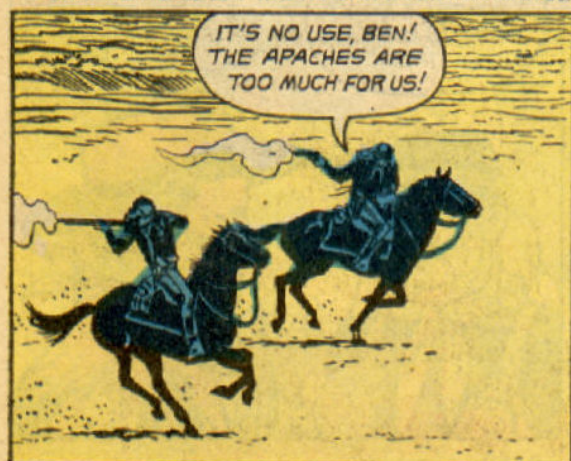
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RED MASK

MAJOR JOHN HANLEY, U.S. CAVALRY, WAS KNOWN FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER TO SIOUX COUNTRY AS "HARD LUCK" HANLEY. FOR A TROOPER TO SERVE UNDER HIS GUIDONS WAS TO RISK ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH. A GOOD OFFICER, THE MAJOR FOUND HIMSELF A CONSTANT VICTIM OF INDIAN ATTACKS. AND THEN REDMASK RODE TO JOIN HIS COMMAND AND DISCOVER THE STRANGE SECRET BEHIND—
the LUCK of MAJOR HANLEY



TWO MEN FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES ACROSS THE SALT FLATS BELOW THE RIPSRAW MOUNTAIN RANGE...



THE MAJOR AND HIS AIDE MAKE THEIR STAND AT A DESERT WATERHOLE—



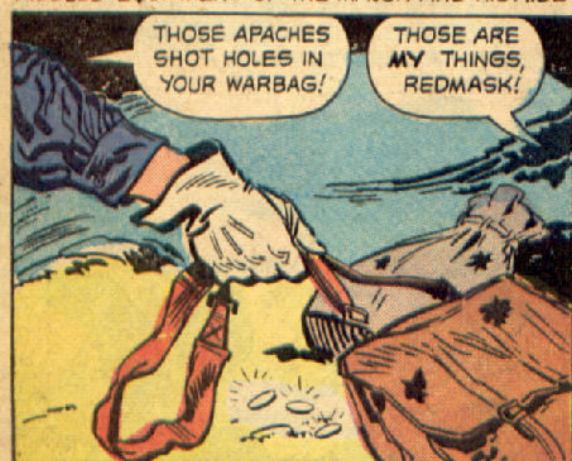
SUDDENLY A CRIMSON HORSEMAN HURTTLES FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE ROCKS...



THE APACHE FEARS FEW THINGS—BUT WHERE REDMASK IS CONCERNED, THEY FEEL DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR! THEY BREAK AND FLEE—



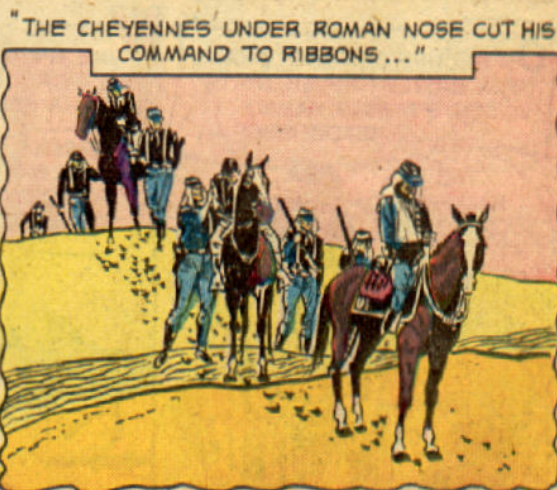
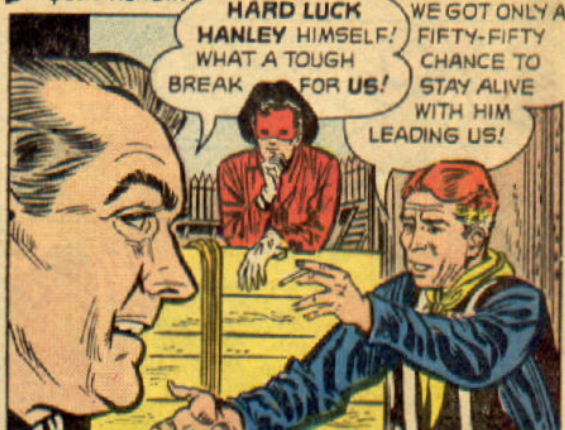
REDMASK KNEELS TO HELP PICK UP THE BULLET-RIDDLED EQUIPMENT OF THE MAJOR AND HIS AIDE—



LATER, AS THE MAJOR RIDES INTO THE FORT, HARD LOOKS AND SCOWLS FOLLOW HIS PROGRESS...



REDMASK MIXES IN WITH THE MEN, ASKING QUESTIONS...



"THE BLACKFEET ANNIHILATED HIS TROOP ALONG THE ROSEBUD!"



AFTER MESS CALL, REDMASK PREPARES TO TAKE A SHOWER—

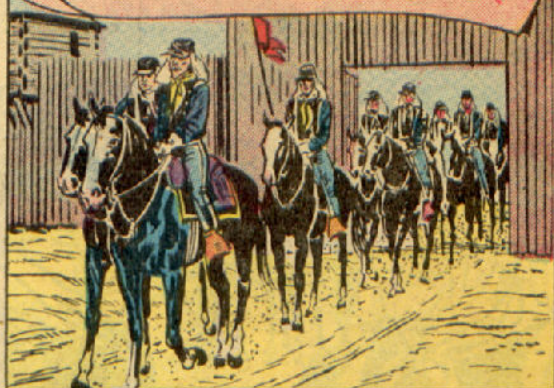


NEXT MORNING BEFORE LEAVING FORT DANGER, REDMASK SENDS A TELEGRAM—



ASK HEADQUARTERS TO CABLE THE INFORMATION TO ME IN CARE OF SHERIFF'S OFFICE AT BULLET!

SOME DAYS LATER, WITH THE APACHES UP, MAJOR HANLEY TAKES HIS TROOP OUT INTO THE FIELD AGAINST THEM...



ON HIS LINE OF MARCH, DRAWN UP IN BATTLE AMBUSH, WAITS VINCENTE FIERRO, FAMED APACHE CHIEF—

THE PALEFACE SOLDIERS COME AT THE TROT. THEY WILL BE HERE AT THE BEND A LITTLE AFTER HIGH NOON!

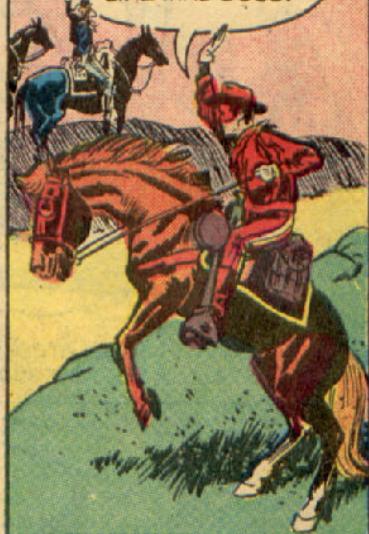


WITH THE PATIENCE OF HUNTING ANIMALS, THE APACHES WAIT FOR THEIR VICTIMS. AND THEN—A FEW SECONDS BEFORE HIGH NOON—

REDMASK!
HE WILL WARN THE PONY SOLDIERS!

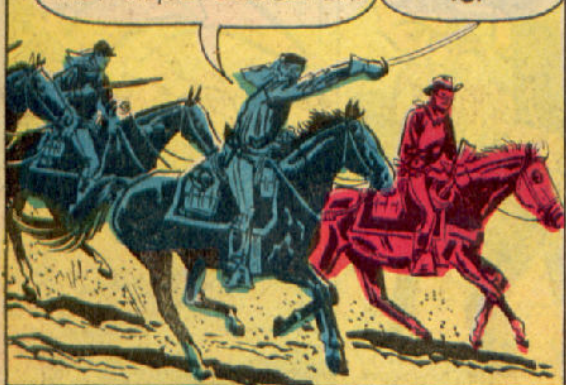


REIN UP, MAJOR! THOSE SLOPES UP AHEAD ARE CRAWLING WITH APACHES—WAITING TO SHOOT YOU AND YOUR MEN DOWN LIKE MAD DOGS!



MY THANKS, REDMASK! NOW THAT WE KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, LET'S GO GET 'EM!

FORWARD AT THE GALLOP—YO!

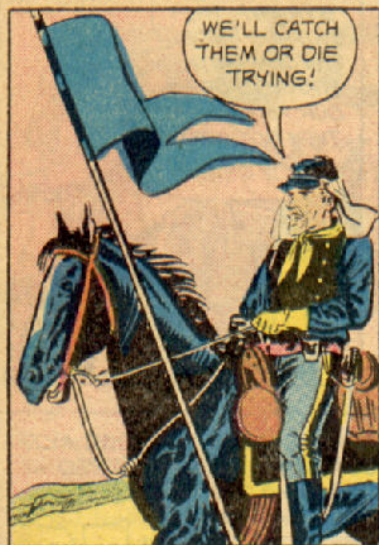


HAVING BEEN DISCOVERED, THE APACHES DO NOT STAY TO FIGHT!

GONE! ALL OF THEM—GONE! MY HARD LUCK STILL HOLDS!



FOR THREE WEEKS, THE APACHES ROVE THE COUNTRYSIDE. IN DESPERATION, MAJOR HANLEY ORDERS OUT HIS ENTIRE COMMAND...



THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M AFRAID OF— WE'LL **DIE** TRYING!

HIS HARD LUCK IS **OUR** HARD LUCK NOW!



AT A NOON CAMP, REDMASK JOINS THE TROOPS...

SIR, IF REDMASK WOULD SERVE AS SCOUT WITH US, WE MIGHT DO BETTER THAN WE HAVE BEEN DOING!

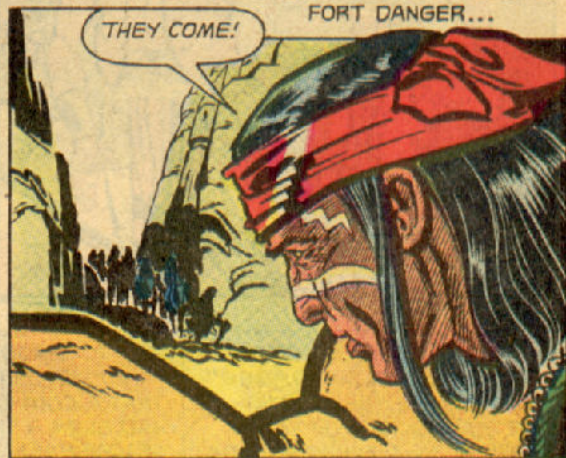
SPLENDID IDEA, CORPORAL!



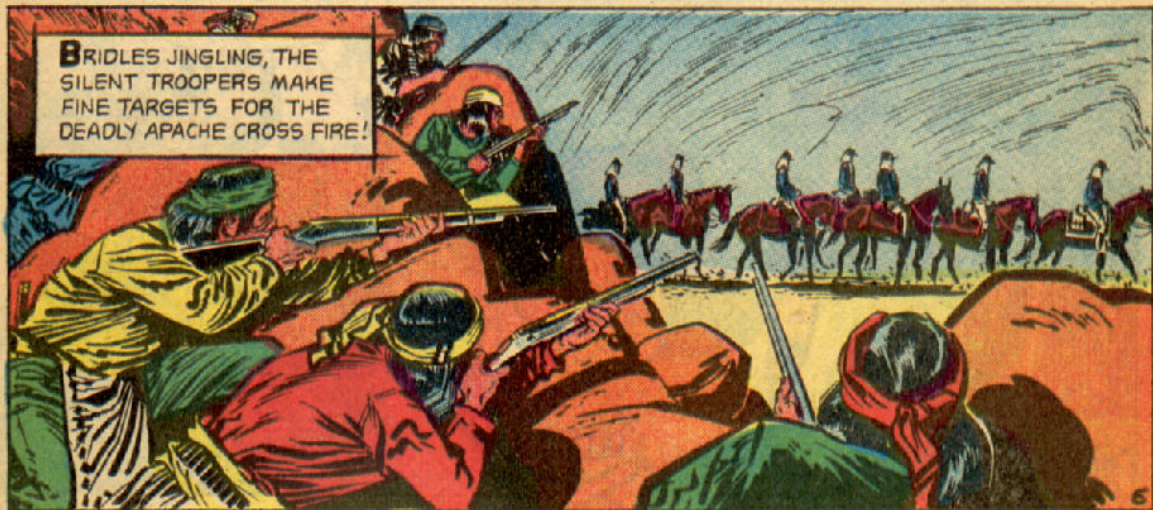
IN THE ROCKS AHEAD, SO WELL HIDDEN THAT EVEN THE KEEN EYES OF REDMASK CANNOT SEARCH THEM OUT, WAIT WAR-PAINTED APACHE WARRIORS...



NEARER AND NEARER THEIR RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY RIDES THE U.S. CAVALRY DETAIL OUT OF FORT DANGER...



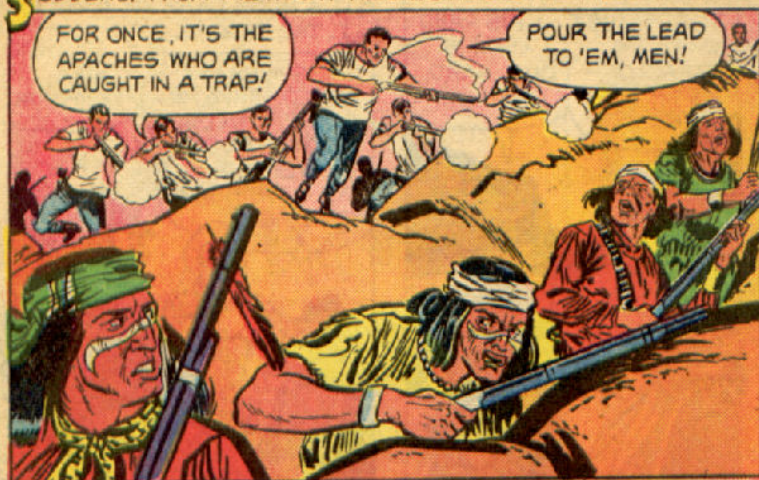
BRIDLES JINGLING, THE SILENT TROOPERS MAKE FINE TARGETS FOR THE DEADLY APACHE CROSS FIRE!



SUDDENLY FROM THE ROCKY HEIGHTS ABOVE THE HIDDEN INDIANS—

FOR ONCE, IT'S THE APACHES WHO ARE CAUGHT IN A TRAP!

POUR THE LEAD TO 'EM, MEN!



IN SUDDEN REALIZATION OF THE TRICK THAT HAS BEEN PLAYED ON HIM, VINCENTE FIERRO LEAPS TO THE GROUND—

STRAW! THEY STUFFED THEIR UNIFORMS WITH STRAW TO DRAW OUR FIRE WHILE THEY GOT INTO THE ROCKS ABOVE US!



WE YIELD! WE SURRENDER! WE WILL GO IN THE IRON HORSE TO THE PALEFACE PRISON!



REDMASK, HOW IN THUNDER DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT APACHE TRAP? IT WAS YOU WHO SUGGESTED WE SEND STRAW DUMMIES. IN AND CLIMB THE ROCKS, BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THE REDSKINS WOULD BE THERE?

YOUR AIDE TIPPED ME OFF, SIR.



HE USED A NEW SILVER DOLLAR TO FLASH "SUN MESSAGES" TO VINCENTE. HE'S BEEN BETRAYING YOU FOR YEARS, SIR! WHEN I FOUND AN 1804 SILVER DOLLAR THAT BELONGED TO HIM, I GOT SUSPICIOUS!



A TELEGRAM TO HEADQUARTERS PRODUCED INFORMATION THAT A COIN-COLLECTOR HAD BEEN A VICTIM OF AN APACHE RAID. THE APACHES PAID YOUR AIDE TO BETRAY YOU WITH HIS COIN COLLECTION! ALL I HAD TO DO THEN WAS WATCH HIM AND LEARN FROM HIS "SUN MESSAGES" WHERE THE TRAP WOULD CLAMP SHUT!



THERE ARE TEARS IN MAJOR HANLEY'S EYES AS HE HEARS HIS MEN CHEERING HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE MAJOR AND REDMASK!

HIP HIP—HOORAY!



THE END

BUCKAROO!

WEATHERS YOUR BOY AND GIRL

FREE HIDE

THEY CAN
HIDE IN THE
HIDEAWAY
OF THE HIDE
AWAY



ALL
THE
HIDE
AWAY

FREE HIDE

THEY CAN
HIDE IN THE
HIDEAWAY
OF THE HIDE
AWAY



WEATHERS YOUR BOY AND GIRL



RED MASK

HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN ANYONE SO CLUMSY HE CAN'T GET OUT OF HIS OWN WAY? IF YOU HAVE, YOU CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH **REDMASK** WHEN HE FINDS HIMSELF SIDED BY YOUNG BILLY GAGE, COUSIN OF BEN GAGE, SHERIFF OF BULLET. FOR WHEN BILLY WEARS THE LAWBADGE DURING SHERIFF BEN'S ABSENCE, OWLHOOTS AND GUNTROWERS DISCOVER THAT EVEN REDMASK IS HELPLESS TO OFFSET THE CLUMSINESS OF—

the Substitute Sheriff

THAT YOUNG COUSIN OF THE SHERIFF IS MORE HELP TO US OUT-LAWS THAN A PASSEL OF GUNSLINGERS!

OOOPS!

FRANK BOLT

ON THE P-BAR-P, DURING A LATE AFTERNOON SUNSET—

YOU BOYS MUST BE LOCO! I AIN'T GOT A THING WORTH STEALING!

ALL WE WANT IS THE LOAN OF YOUR RANCH FOR A FEW DAYS, POP!

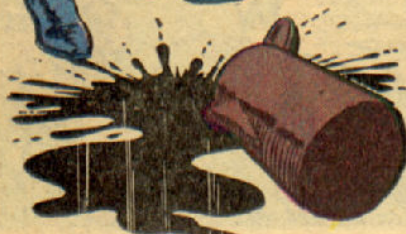
DEKE—
LOOK! FOOD'S COOKING!

TAKE IT EASY,
SWIFTY. DON'T ALWAYS BE IN SUCH A HURRY!

A STAB OF THE HAND FOR THE COFFEE-
POT, A HURRIED GRIP THAT SLIPS, AND—

DOGGONE, SWIFTY!
ALWAYS IN A HURRY!
NOW LOOK WHAT
YOU'VE DONE!

AWW, I'LL
MAKE ANOTHER
POT!



AS THE HARDFACED
GUNSLINGERS
EAT—



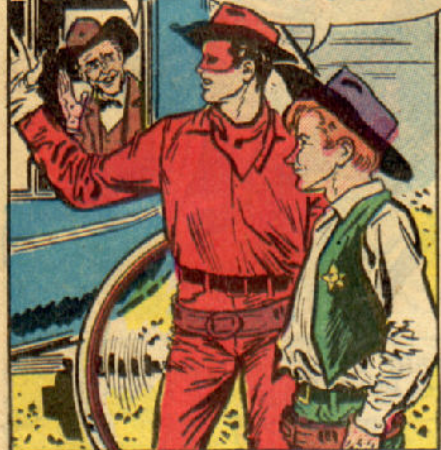
YOU'D BETTER NOT BE IN
SUCH A HURRY TONIGHT WHEN
WE HIT THE BULLET ASSAY
OFFICE. THIS IS REDMASK'S
TERRITORY, REMEMBER!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT IN THE COW-
TOWN OF BULLET—

KEEP AN EYE
ON BILLY, RED-
MASK! HE ISN'T
USED TO BEING
A SHERIFF!

ENJOY YOUR VACA-
TION, BEN! DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
BILLY. HE'LL MAKE
A FINE SHERIFF!



YESSIR, I AIM TO
BE THE BEST DOGGONE
SHERIFF THIS TOWNSHIP
EVER SAW!

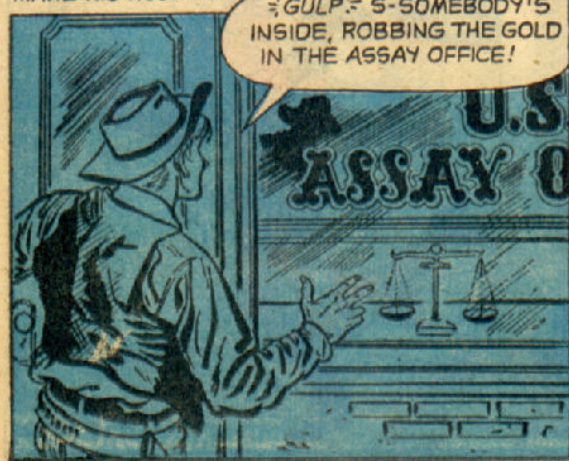


IF NOT THE
BEST—CERTAINLY
THE WETTEST!



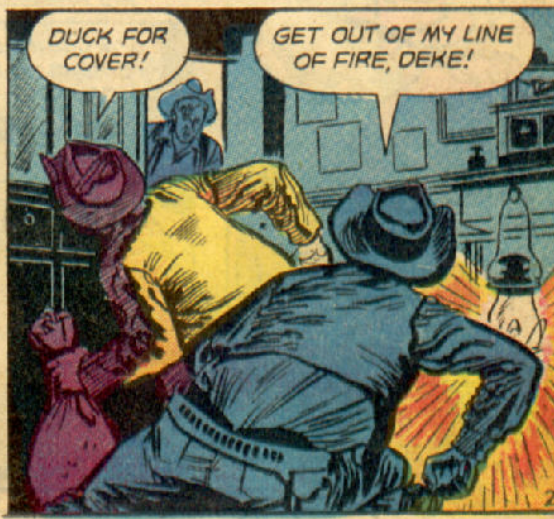
THAT NIGHT, AS THE TEMPORARY SHERIFF
MAKE HIS ROUNDS—

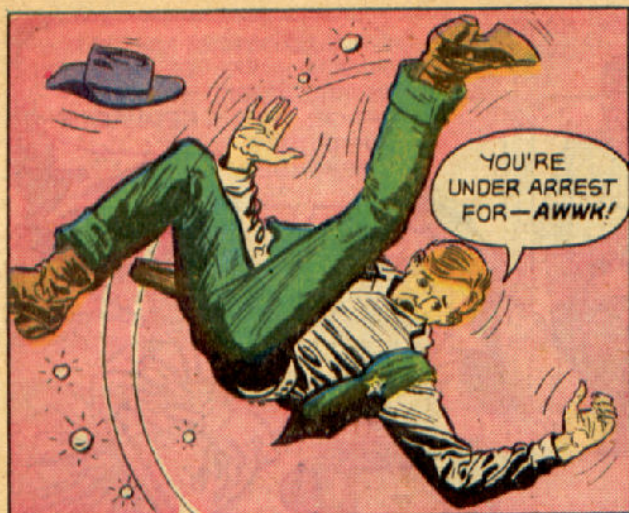
—GULP— S-SOMEBODY'S
INSIDE, ROBBING THE GOLD
IN THE ASSAY OFFICE!



DUCK FOR
COVER!

GET OUT OF MY LINE
OF FIRE, DEKE!





ATTRACTED BY BILLY'S WILD YELP, REDMASK HURTTLES FORWARDS—



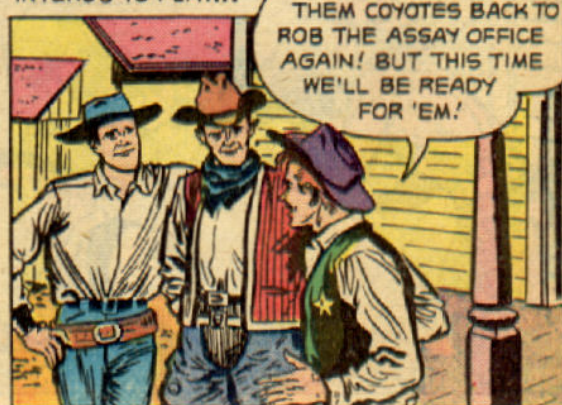
INSIDE THE OFFICE— HIS WITS STILL A BIT ADDLED FROM HIS THUMPING FALL— YOUNG BILLY HEARS HIS NAME...



BILLY! WATCH OUT!



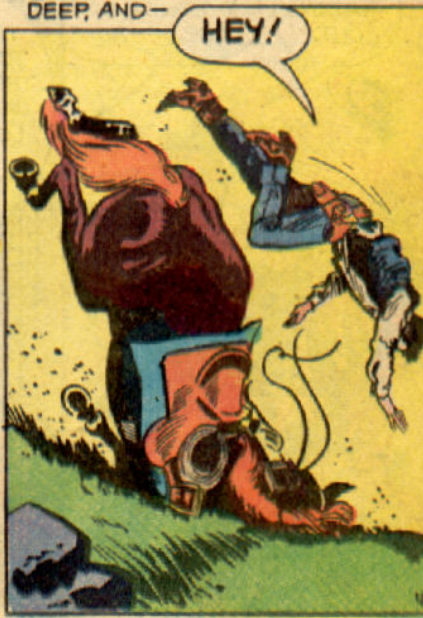
OVERCOME WITH ADMIRATION, YOUNG BILLY TELLS THE EDITOR—AND EVERYBODY ELSE IN BULLET— THE TRICK REDMASK INTENDS TO PLAY...



ALWAYS IN A HURRY, SWIFTY JACKSON SPARES NEITHER SPUR NOR SQUIRT AS HE URGES HIS PONY ACROSS THE CACTUS FLATS...



A GOPHER HOLE, A HOOF DRIVEN DEEP, AND—



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AS REDMASK AND BILLY GAGE WAIT IN THE ASSAY OFFICE, DEKE AND SWIFTY RANSACK THE SAFE OF THE FEED-AND-GRAIN STORE...



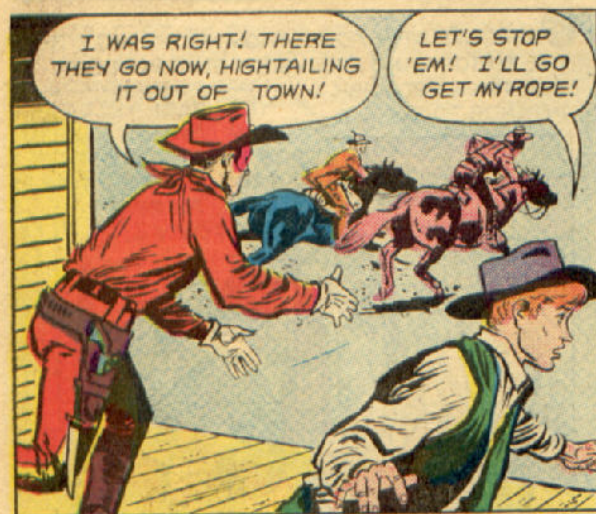
GOOD THING YOU GOT BACK TO PATTERSON'S RANCH LAST NIGHT, SWIFTY, EVEN WITHOUT YOUR BRONC!

I CAN'T HELP LAUGHIN'—THINKIN' ABOUT REDMASK OVER IN THE ASSAY OFFICE AND US IN HERE!

A LITTLE DISTANCE DOWN THE STREET—

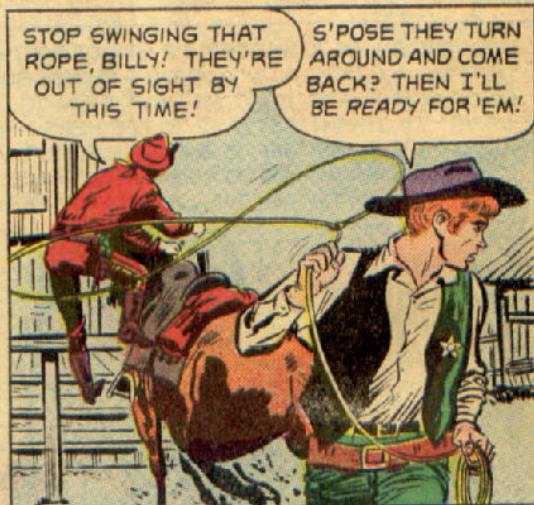


BILLY, SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'VE A HUNCH THOSE OWLHOOTS AREN'T COMING IN, AFTER ALL!



I WAS RIGHT! THERE THEY GO NOW, HIGHTAILING IT OUT OF TOWN!

LET'S STOP 'EM! I'LL GO GET MY ROPE!



STOP SWINGING THAT ROPE, BILLY! THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT BY THIS TIME!

S'POSE THEY TURN AROUND AND COME BACK? THEN I'LL BE READY FOR 'EM!



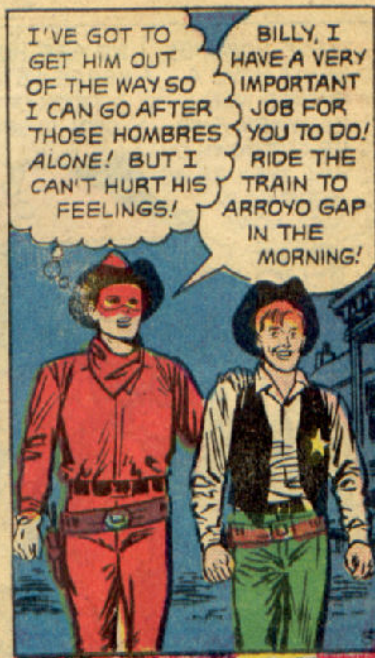
BILLY! WATCH OUT!

REDMASK! I THINK I GOT ONE OF—HUH?



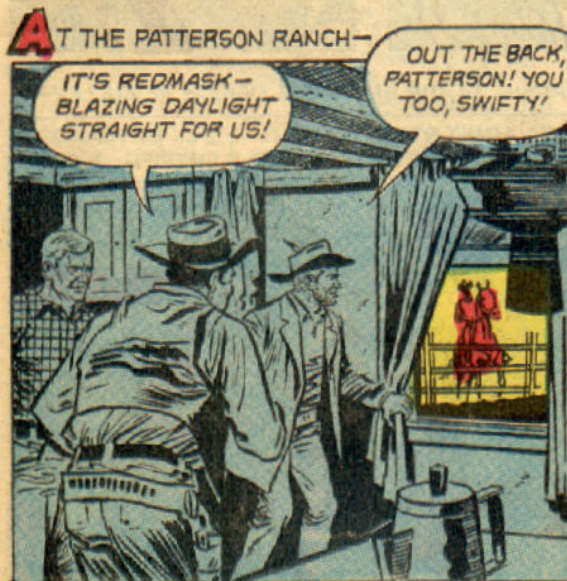
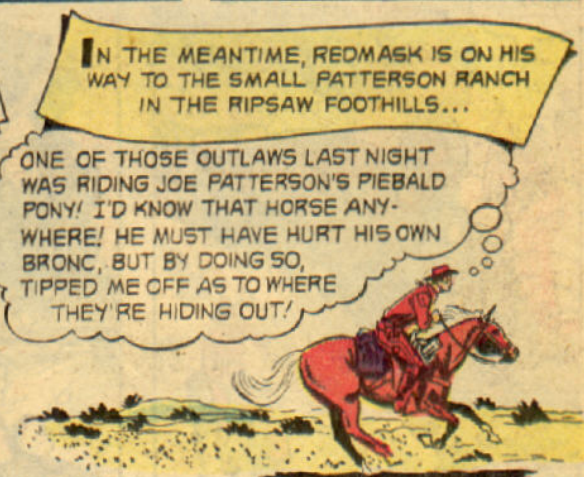
WELL, IT'S TOO LATE TO GO AFTER THEM NOW! IN THE DARK, THEY COULD LOSE US WITHOUT HALF TRYING!

IT'S ALL MY FAULT! YOU'VE LOST CONFIDENCE IN ME!

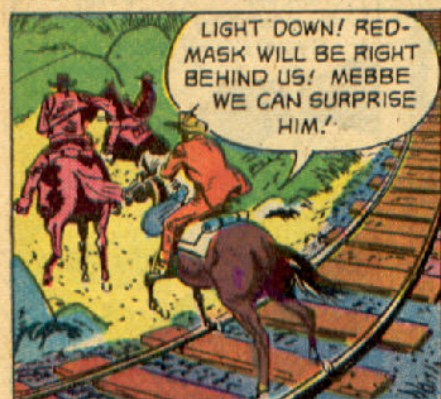


I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY SO I CAN GO AFTER THOSE HOMBRES ALONE! BUT I CAN'T HURT HIS FEELINGS!

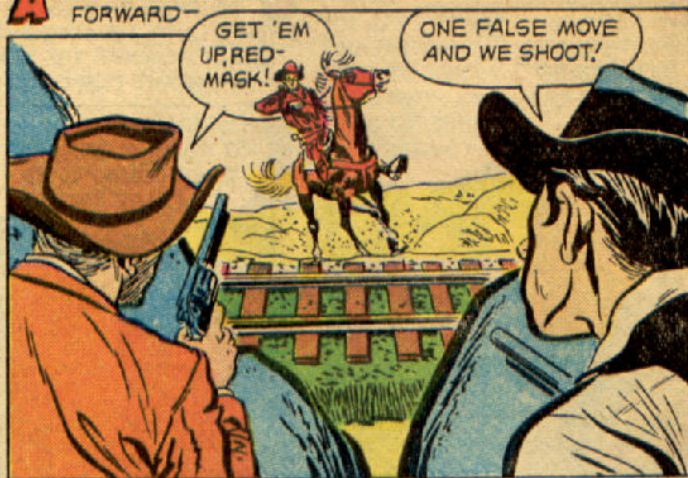
BILLY, I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT JOB FOR YOU TO DO! RIDE THE TRAIN TO ARROYO GAP IN THE MORNING!



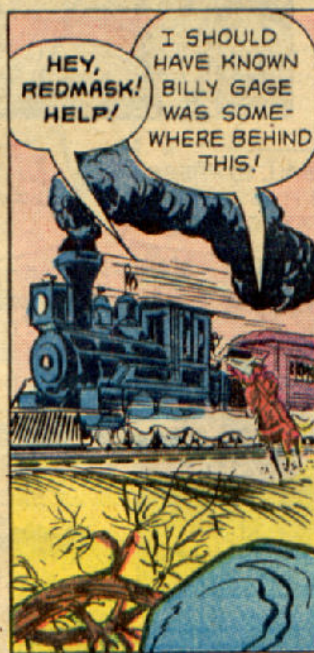
OUT ACROSS THE GRAZELAND OF THE P-BAR-P, INTO THE FOOTHILLS, THEN INTO THE GULLIES LINING THE RAILROAD TRACKS THE CHASE CONTINUES...



AS THE MASKED RIDER OF THE RIO GRANDE GALLOPS FORWARD—



AND THEN, ROCKING AROUND DEAD LOW BEND, MORE THAN AN HOUR AHEAD OF SCHEDULE, COMES THE BIG CANNONBALL EXPRESS!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER—



NEXT MORNING, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN BULLET—





ALL THE FINEST COLLECTIONS OF
 1. 100 TOY SOLDIERS #123
 2. 100 TOY SOLDIERS #123
 3. 100 TOY SOLDIERS #123
 4. 100 TOY SOLDIERS #123
 5. 100 TOY SOLDIERS #123
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IT WAS DO OR DIE FOR **THE PRESTO KID** THAT DARK WESTERN NIGHT! AND TO MAKE THE EERIE FEAT UPON WHICH HIS LIFE DEPENDED DOUBLY HARD, PRESTO WAS BLINDFOLDED! READ HOW THE GREAT LAWMAN-MAGICIAN MADE HIS ENEMY FLOAT IN THE AIR! AND READ HOW HE DID IT, SO YOU **YOURSELF** CAN PERFORM THE SAME TRICK WITH YOUR FRIENDS!

THE PRESTO KID



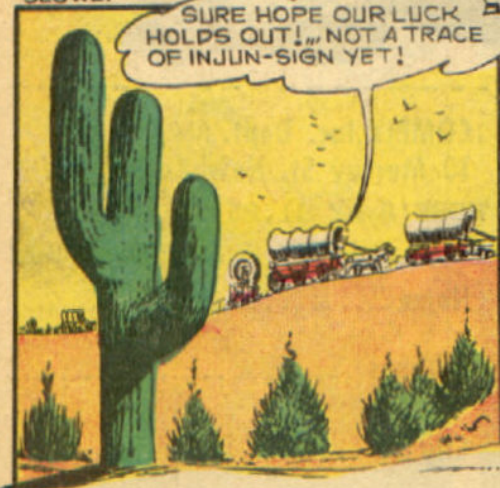
THE FLOATING RENEGADE!

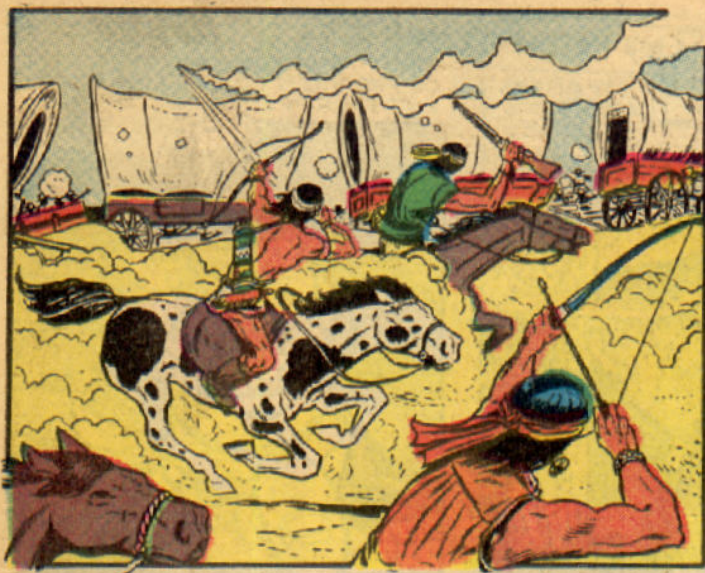
ACROSS THE SUN-BAKED, SILENT PRAIRIE, A WAGON TRAIN TRUNDLES SLOWLY—

SURE HOPE OUR LUCK HOLDS OUT!... NOT A TRACE OF INJUN-SIGN YET!

SUDDENLY—

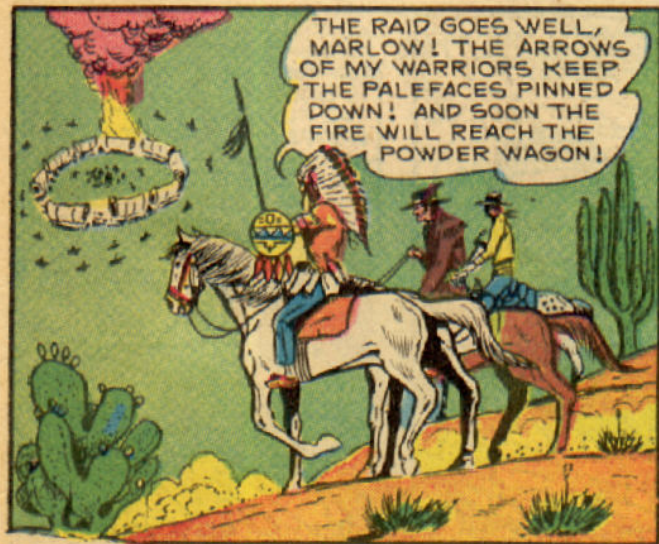
UH-OH! SPOKE TOO SOON! LOOK ALIVE, EVERYBODY! WE HAVE TO DRAW THESE WAGONS INTO A CIRCLE PRONTO!



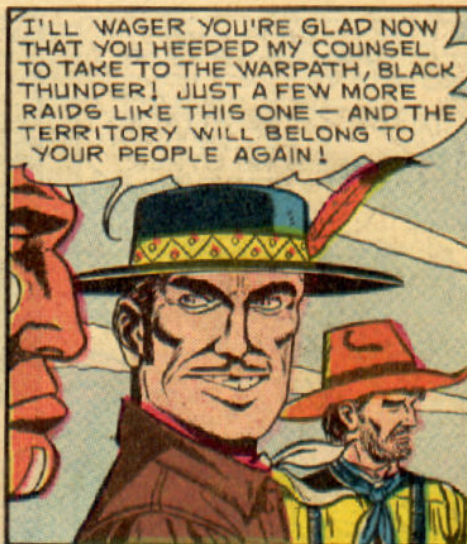


HEY! SOME FOOL TENDERFOOT FORGOT TO DRAW THE POWDER WAGON TO THE MIDDLE OF THE CIRCLE!

THAT FIRE IS ONLY TWO WAGONS AWAY... AND IT'S SPREADIN' FAST!



THE RAID GOES WELL, MARLOW! THE ARROWS OF MY WARRIORS KEEP THE PALEFACES PINNED DOWN! AND SOON THE FIRE WILL REACH THE POWDER WAGON!



I'LL WAGER YOU'RE GLAD NOW THAT YOU HEEDED MY COUNSEL TO TAKE TO THE WARPATH, BLACK THUNDER! JUST A FEW MORE RAIDS LIKE THIS ONE — AND THE TERRITORY WILL BELONG TO YOUR PEOPLE AGAIN!



JUST THEN—

THAT EXPLOSION WAS BEHIND US... NOT INSIDE THE WAGON-CIRCLE!

IT'S THE PRESTO KID!



THAT GIANT FIRECRACKER
GOT THE THREE OF THEM
TO LOOK MY WAY!

I
CAN'T
MOVE!

ME NEITHER!

MY ARMS
ARE LIKE
STONE!

THE RENEGADE, MARLOW, IS THE
FIRST TO WRENCH HIS EYES FREE
OF PRESTO'S COMPELLING STARE!
BUT THEN —

L-LOOK...!



A CIRCLE OF FLAME!
IT'S SPRUNG UP FROM
NOWHERE!

CALL OFF
THE ATTACK,
BLACK THUNDER!
THERE'S NO OTHER
WAY TO STOP THE
MAGIC FIRE!



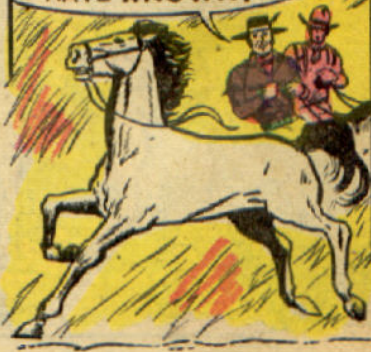
RETREAT, MY
WARRIORS!...
RETREAT!



AS THE WAR PARTY DRAWS
BACK —

HEY! THAT HORSE
IS GOIN' RIGHT THROUGH
THE FLAMES... LIKE THEY
WEREN'T THERE AT ALL!

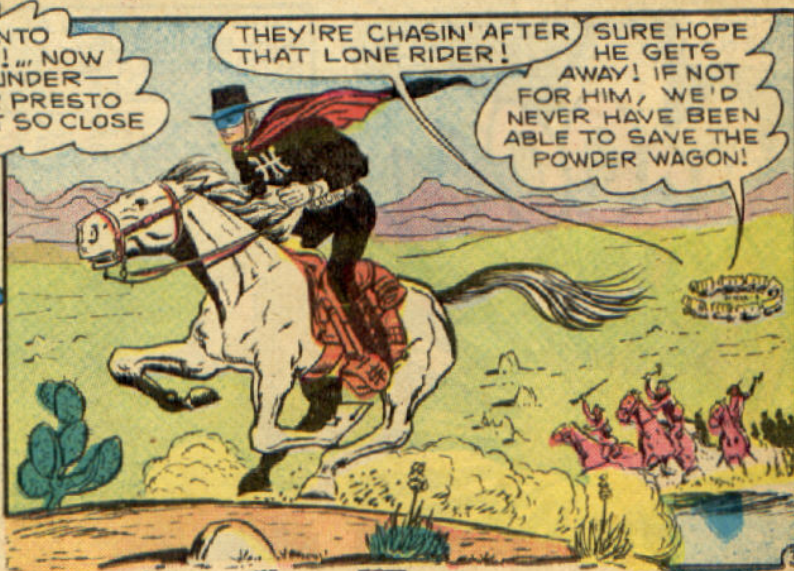
OF COURSE! I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN!

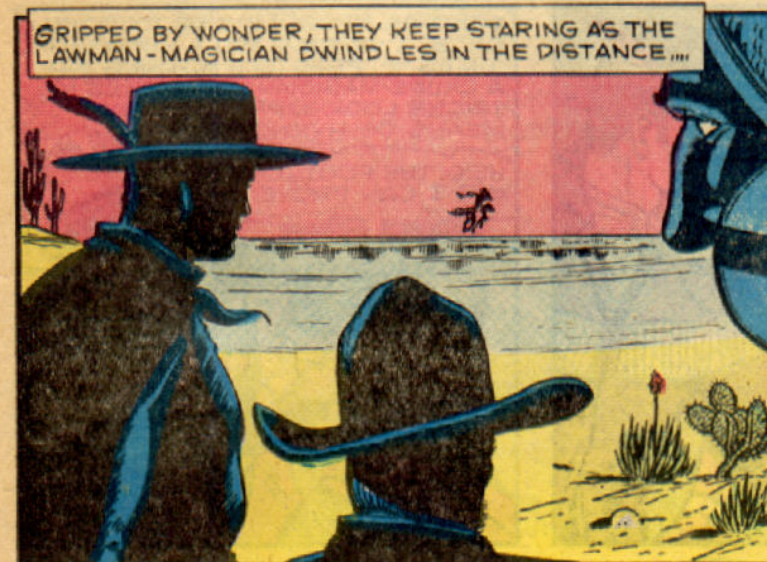


PRESTO HYPNOTIZED US INTO
THINKING WE SAW THEM!... NOW
LISTEN HARD, BLACK THUNDER —
IF WE DON'T RIDE AFTER PRESTO
NOW, WE MAY NEVER GET SO CLOSE
TO HIM AGAIN...!

THEY'RE CHASIN' AFTER
THAT LONE RIDER!

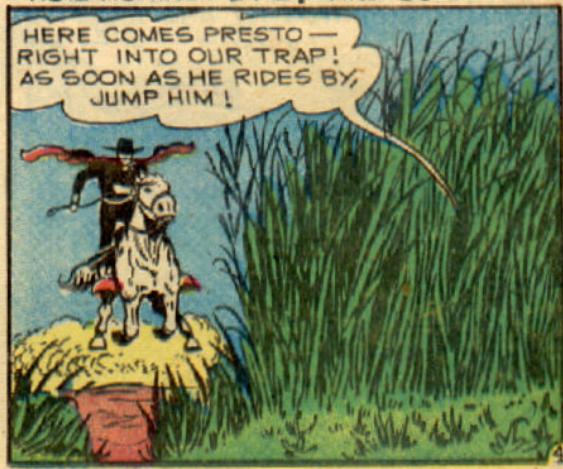
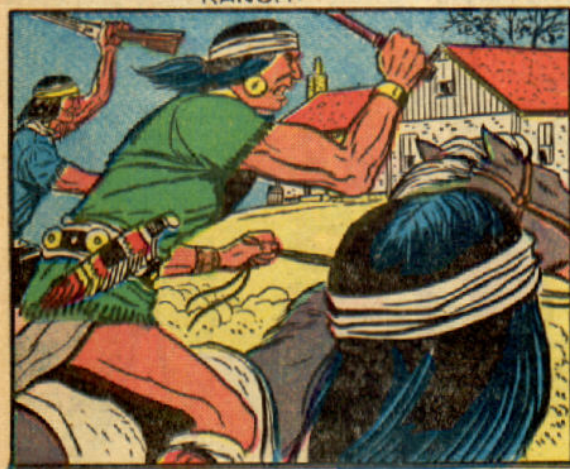
SURE HOPE
HE GETS
AWAY! IF NOT
FOR HIM, WE'D
NEVER HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO SAVE THE
POWDER WAGON!





AND SO THE PRESTO KID ESCAPES! BUT A FEW DAYS LATER, A SMALL PARTY OF INDIANS MOUNT A RAID ON AN OUTLYING RANCH—

THIS IS THE HEART OF PRESTO COUNTRY WHERE THE GREAT LAWMAN-MAGICIAN WHO NEVER PACKS GUNS KEEPS CONSTANT VIGIL AGAINST EVIL! AND SO—





THE PRESTO KID PUTS UP A GOOD FIGHT—BUT HE IS OUTNUMBERED...



KEEP A TIGHT HOLD ON HIM! AND NOBODY LOOK INTO HIS EYES!

LATER— I TOLD YOU I'D BRING A SURPRISE BACK IF YOU LET ME LEAD THE WAR PARTY TODAY, CHIEF!... AND NOW YOU'LL SEE HOW YOU NEED NEVER HAVE FEARED PRESTO'S MAGIC!

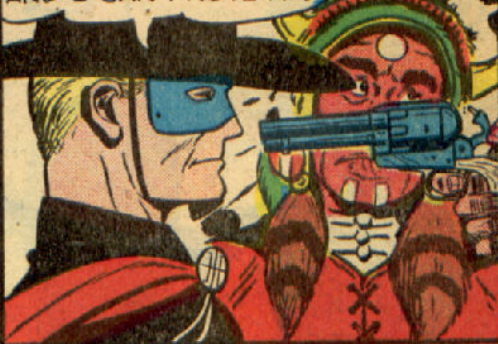


STOP! I HAVE SEEN HIS MAGIC AND KNOW IT TO BE STRONG! HOW DO WE KNOW WHAT CURSE WILL FALL ON MY PEOPLE IF YOU SLAY HIM?



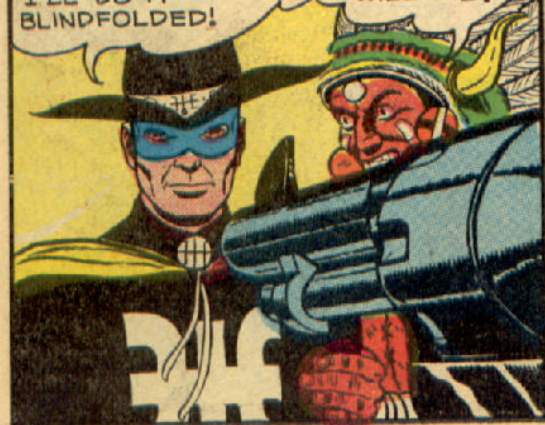
DON'T BE A FOOL! IF I'VE TOLD YOU ONCE, I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES— PRESTO'S NOTHING BUT A CRUDE MAGICIAN WHO MAKES HIS TRICKS LOOK IMPRESSIVE BY MEANS OF HYPNOTISM!

HE'S THE FOOL, CHIEF... AND I CAN PROVE IT!



I'LL MAKE HIM FLOAT RIGHT UP OFF THE GROUND! AND TO PROVE IT'S NOT JUST A HYPNOTIC EYE-TRICK, I'LL DO IT BLINDFOLDED!

DO AS YOU SAY, PRESTO— AND YOU WILL GO FREE! FAIL— AND YOU WILL DIE!



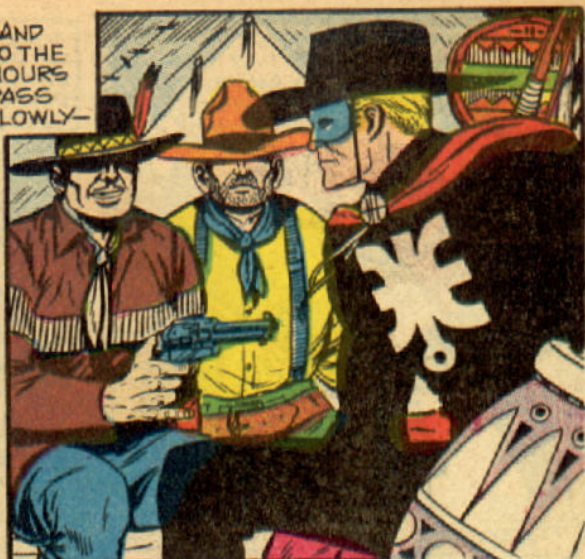
FAIR ENOUGH!... JUST LET ME SIT ALONE IN ONE OF YOUR TENTS TILL DUSK! THE MAGIC-POWER HAS TO BUILD UP INSIDE ME!

PSSST... PSSST!

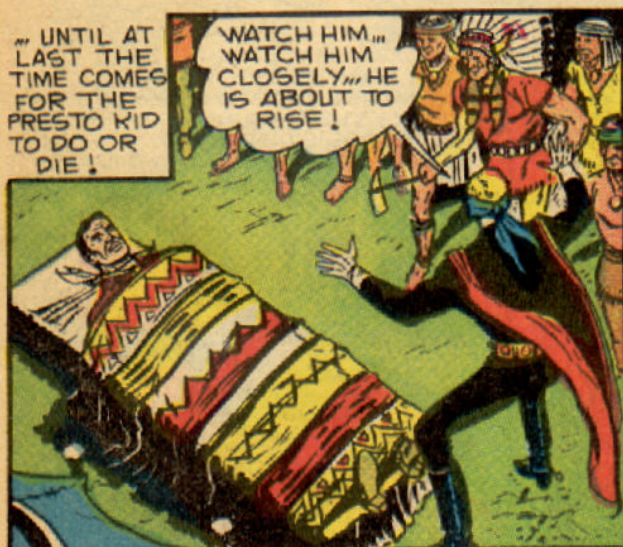




AND SO THE HOURS PASS SLOWLY—



... UNTIL AT LAST THE TIME COMES FOR THE PRESTO KID TO DO OR DIE!



HU! PRESTO HAS PROVED THE STRENGTH OF HIS MAGIC! HE WILL GO FREE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER —

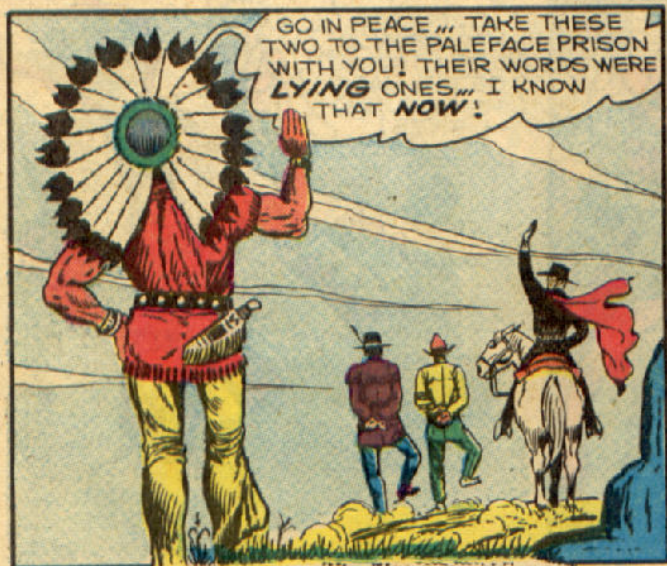




PRESTO'S GOIN' TO PAY FOR SLAMMIN' MY SIDERICK DOWN!!!



DID I NOT GIVE MY WORD TO FREE PRESTO IF HIS MAGIC PROVED STRONG?!?



GO IN PEACE... TAKE THESE TWO TO THE PALEFACE PRISON WITH YOU! THEIR WORDS WERE **LYING** ONES... I KNOW THAT **NOW**!

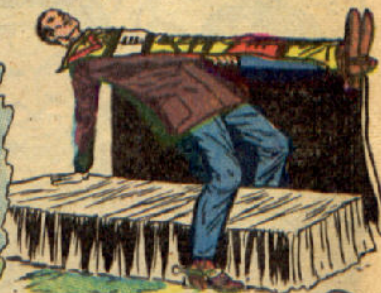
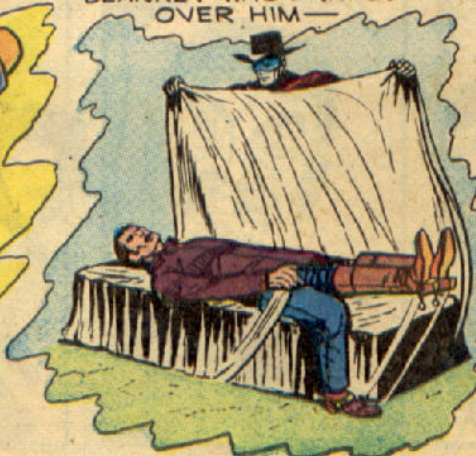
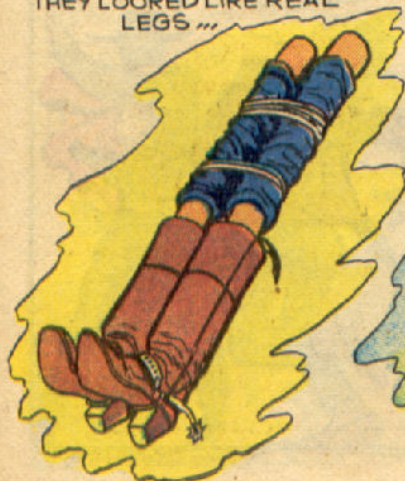
I **KNEW** THOSE TWO WOULD FOLLOW ME INTO THE TENT! THAT GAVE ME THE CHANCE TO HYPNOTIZE THEM **BEFORE** THE TRICK! THEY WOUND UP WORKING AS MY ASSISTANTS — AND WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, THEY DIDN'T REMEMBER A THING!



...MARLOW'S SIDERICK SUPPLIED THE EXTRA PAIR OF BOOTS I NEEDED! TIED TO TWO PADDED-UP STICKS, THEY LOOKED LIKE REAL LEGS...

...THE PHONY LEGS WERE OUT OF SIGHT WHEN MARLOW FIRST LAY DOWN! BUT AS SOON AS THE BLANKET WAS DRAPED OVER HIM —

...THEN, WITH MARLOW FOLLOWING THE ORDERS I'D GIVEN HIM INSIDE THE TENT, THE REST WAS EASY!



The End



WESTERN DICTIONARY

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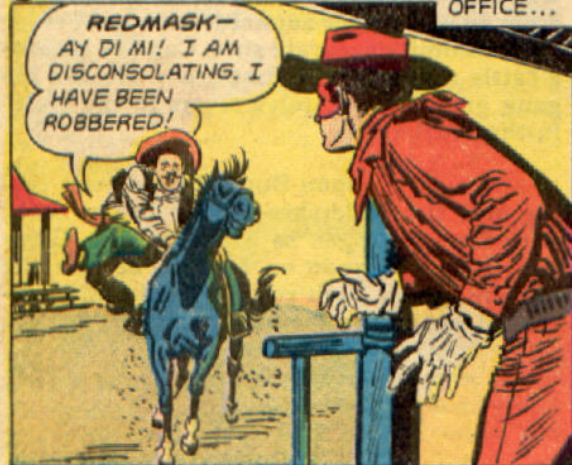
RED MASK

WHEN A BAND OF ARMED BANDITS SET OUT TO ROB THE POOREST—AND PROUDEST!—MAN IN ALL THE BULLET COUNTRY, REDMASK HURTTLES INTO ACTION. MEN DO NOT STEAL WORTHLESS THINGS...YET DON ESTEBAN JOSE MIRANDA CARLOS ESPINOZA OWNS NOTHING WORTH ROBBING! WHAT ARE THE MASKED MEN AFTER? THAT QUESTION BOTHERS REDMASK UNTIL HE SOLVES THE RIDDLE OF—

THE UNKNOWN TREASURE!



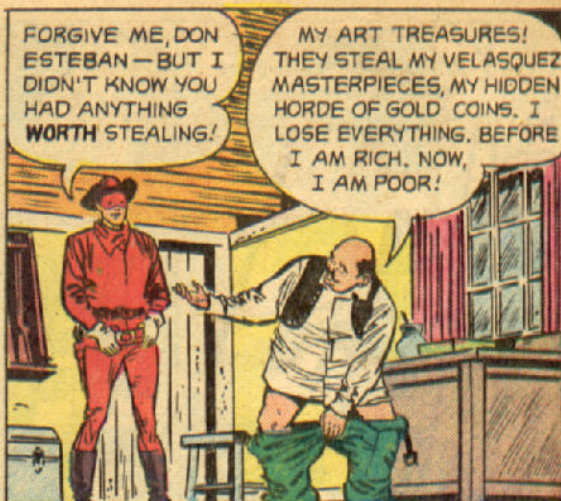
ONE MORNING IN BULLET, BEFORE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...





WHY
THE BIG
RUSH?

I AM IN HURRY TO TELLING
YOU! SEEX BEEG MEN—WEETH
FOUR GUNS EACH!—ARE HOLD
ME UP! WHO EES THEIR CHIEF?—
BLACK JACK KEEGAN!



FORGIVE ME, DON
ESTEBAN—BUT I
DIDN'T KNOW YOU
HAD ANYTHING
WORTH STEALING!

MY ART TREASURES!
THEY STEAL MY VELASQUEZ
MASTERPIECES, MY HIDDEN
HORDE OF GOLD COINS. I
LOSE EVERYTHING. BEFORE
I AM RICH. NOW,
I AM POOR!

AS DON ESTEBAN GALLOPS
OFF, THE **BLACK PHANTOM**
RETURNS FROM COURT, WHERE
SHE HAS BEEN TESTIFYING—



THE LITTLE FAKER!
THERE WASN'T ANY ROBBERY
AT ALL. HE'S JUST DOING THIS
TO 'SAVE FACE'. NOW HE'LL
HAVE AN EXCUSE TO SAY HE
HAS NO MONEY.



HOW
DO YOU
KNOW
THERE
WAS NO
ROBBERY?

BECAUSE I
CAPTURED THE
MAN HE CLAIMED
ROBBED HIM—
LAST WEEK!
BLACK JACK
KEEGAN HAS
BEEN IN THE
ARROYO JAIL FOR
THE LAST EIGHT
DAYS!



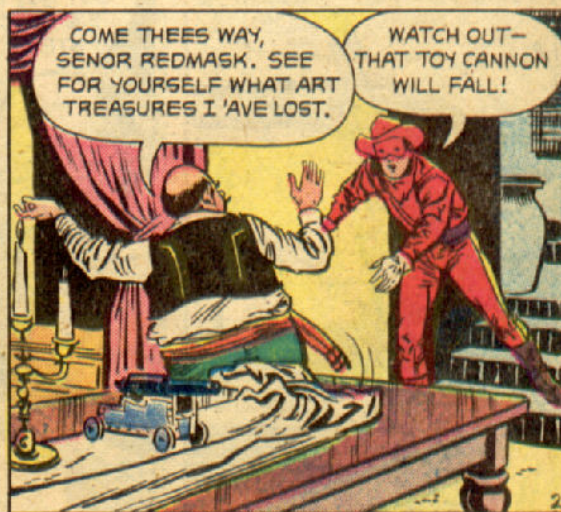
JUST THE SAME, I'LL PAY A
VISIT TO THE ESPINOZA HACIENDA
AND PLAY ALONG WITH
DON ESTEBAN!

REDMASK IS A WELCOME SIGHT AT THE FINE
OLD SPANISH HACIENDA...



ENTRAR! ENTRAR!
EET EES GOOD TO SEE
SUCH FAST ACTION ON
MY COMPLAINT!

HMMM...JUST
WHAT WAS TAKEN,
DON ESTEBAN?



COME THEES WAY,
SENIOR REDMASK. SEE
FOR YOURSELF WHAT ART
TREASURES I 'AVE LOST.

WATCH OUT—
THAT TOY CANNON
WILL FALL!



LET ME PICK IT UP, REDMASK. YOU GO ON WITH DON ESTEBAN!



THOSE CLEAN PLACES ON THE WALL SHOW WHERE THE STOLEN PAINTINGS WERE HUNG!

THOSE PAINTINGS HAVE BEEN GONE FOR FIFTY YEARS! WHAT INTERESTS ME IS— THESE GUNS...

HIS ALERT EYES MOVING FROM FLINTLOCK PISTOL TO MODEL CANNONS TO ANCIENT MATCHLOCKS, REDMASK MOVES THROUGH THE BIG DISPLAY ROOM...



YOU LIKE THESE OLD GUNS, SI? THEY CAME FROM THE OLD WORLD. AN ANCESTOR OF MINE COLLECTED THEM.



THEES EES A GERMAN PISTOL, MADE ABOUT 1550. IT IS INLAID WITH SILVER AND WORKINGS WEETH A WHEEL LOCKS.



THEES EES OTHERS LIKE THAT. THEY ARE MEBB50 WORTH A LEETLE, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO MAK-
ING ANYONES TRY STEAL THEM!

I SEE!



LATER THAT SAME DAY, IN THE TOWN OF BULLET—
DON ESTEBAN WAS WRONG, BLACK PHANTOM. THERE WAS NO ROBBERY, OF COURSE—BUT THERE WILL BE A ROBBERY AT HIS HACIENDA, AND SOON!

WHAT?

YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THE TOWN. I WANT TO BE AT THAT HACIENDA WHEN THE ROBBERY ATTEMPT IS MADE.

I'LL TELL SHERIFF GAGE TO WATCH THE TOWN. I THINK THERE'LL BE MORE ACTION OUT AT THAT HACIENDA.



AS DUSK CLOSES IN OVER THE WESTERN HILL COUNTRY—

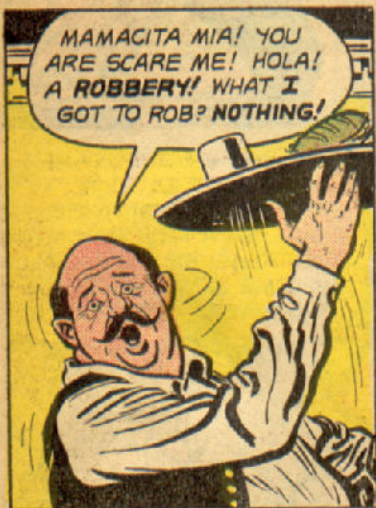
HANDS UP!

THIS IS A ROBBERY!



AT THAT MOMENT, FROM THE IRON GRILLE BALCONY—

MAMACITA MIA! YOU ARE SCARE ME! HOLA! A ROBBERY! WHAT I GOT TO ROB? NOTHING!



YOU'RE WRONG, DON ESTEBAN! YOU DO HAVE SOMETHING TO STEAL!



I HAVE? HOW GOOD TO KNOW THAT! I--AWWK!



GET HIM, SOMEBODY!



GOT ALL OF THEM WITH ONE MOVE!



STUNNED BY THE GLAD NEWS, FILLED WITH THE COURAGE OF A LION, DON ESTEBAN HURTLIES FORWARD, EYES CLOSED...



I WEEL HELP! I WEEL HELP CAPTURE THEM!

A MOMENT LATER—



AY DI MI! I AM HEET THE WRONG MAN!

I AM SORRYING, SENOR! I AM MAKE THE BEEG MISTAKE. THOSE BAD MANS, THEY ARE RUN AWAY!

NO HARM, DONE, I GUESS. I'LL GO AFTER THEM!



SOME MINUTES LATER, AS REDMASK GALLOPS OFF ON THE TRAIL OF THE BANDITS—



KEEP WAVING FARE— WELL TO SENOR REDMASK! AND DON'T DO ANY-THING ELSE!

MANUEL! MY CARETAKER!

I WILL NOT BE YOUR CARETAKER MUCH LONGER! I WILL BE A RICH MAN, WITH THE TREASURE YOU HAD ALL THE TIME UNDER YOUR NOSE— AND NEVER KNEW ABOUT!



YOU WILL BE SAFE IN THAT ROOM. IT IS LIKE A JAIL CELL WITH THAT IRON GRILLE DOOR!

WHAT TREASURE? AY DI MI! ANSWER ME! WHAT EES THEES TREASURE EVERY-BODY BUT ME EES KNOWING ABOUT?

IN THE HIGH HILLS BEYOND THE HACIENDA, AN HOUR LATER, REDMASK MAKES A DARING LEAP OUTWARD INTO SPACE—



THOSE OWLHOOTS ARE ON THE TRAIL BELOW. THEY'LL BE ABLE TO LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE CANYONS IF I DON'T MAKE MY PLAY NOW!



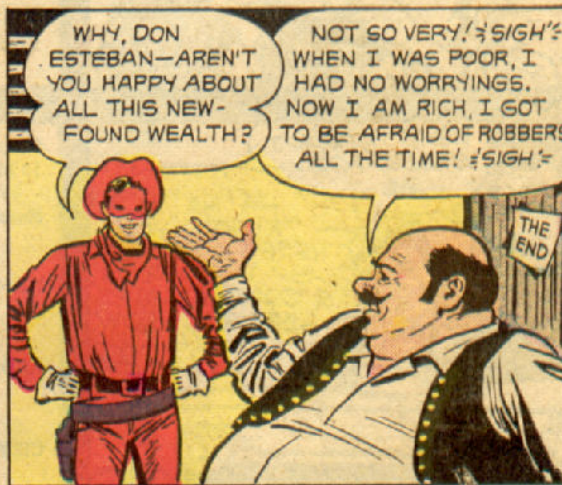
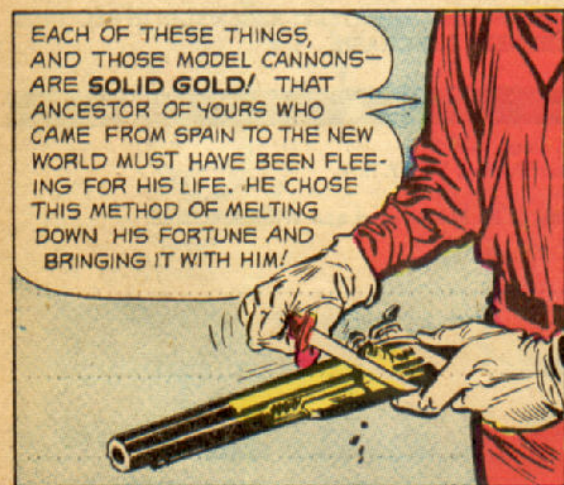
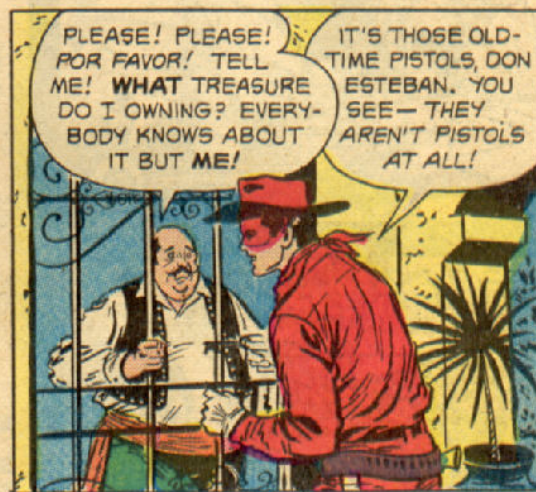
AS THE MASKED BANDITS ROUND A CURVE OF THE NARROW TRAIL, THEY FIND THE CRIMSON MANHUNTER ON ONE KNEE, GUN OUT, WAITING FOR THEM—



A LITTLE LATER, ALONG THE TRAIL TO BULLET...



LATER, AT THE ESPINOZA HACIENDA...



THE END



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SPACE-KITE

The following table shows the results of the regression analysis for the dependent variable "Number of children in the household" (N = 1,000). The independent variables are "Age of the head of household" and "Gender of the head of household". The results are presented in the following table:

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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